Go (beep) Yourself

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/62481070.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hazbin Hotel (Cartoon)
Relationship:	Alastor/Vox (Hazbin Hotel)
Characters:	Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Charlie Magne | Morningstar, Angel Dust (Hazbin Hotel)
Additional Tags:	Top Alastor (Hazbin Hotel), Bottom Vox (Hazbin Hotel), Masturbation, Vibrators, Sex Toys, Tentacles, Morse Code, Sexual Fantasy, Sexual Humor, They sext with Morse Code
Language:	English
Collections:	[Radiostatic Zine] Technical Difficulties: Please Stand By
Stats:	Published: 2025-02-22 Words: 4,797 Chapters: 1/1

Go (beep) Yourself

by ohdeercoffee

Summary

Alastor and Vox keep up a tradition that predates sexting by decades. Morse Code runs on radio waves, after all.

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Or Alastor and Vox “sext” each other through Morse Code. Alastor starts off right in the hotel parlor in front of Charlie and Angel Dust because to them, it just sounds like beeping. He even translates some for curious Charlie, playing it off as innocent banter. Vox however has a very special way of doing it on his end …

Written for the RadioStatic Zine 'Technical Difficulties: Please Stand By'!

Notes

This was written for the RadioStatic Zine 'Technical Difficulties: Please Stand By,” a free zine full of RadioStatic fics and art. There’s a link in the collection. If you like RadioStatic, you should definitely check it out!

I ended up doing a lot of research for this fic in order to write about Morse Code. I needed to make sure I wrote Vox jerking it to a bunch of beeps accurately. Enjoy!

“Bottoms up, Alastor!” beamed Charlie as she walked up to him, a drink in each hand. “Husk made everyone fancy mocktails! He made one for you too!”

Angel Dust was right behind her, sipping his drink. “It’s not bad for a mocktail. But like most things, it’d be better with the cock.”

Alastor was sitting in an armchair in the hotel parlor with a retro style radio in front of him. He held a up a finger to shush them when they approached. “One moment!” he said, then leaned closer to the radio. His ear twitched as a series of beeping sounds played, varied short and long notes.

“Ooh!” said Alastor curiously when it finished. “Interesting!” After the sounds stopped, Alastor’s eyes turned to radio dials. More beeps, but this time not from the radio but Alastor himself. The needles in his dial eyes moved in synchronicity with the sounds, back and forth, matching the length of each note. After a few moments, just enough time for Charlie and Angel to start to feel awkward and exchange confused glances, the sounds stopped. Alastor blinked hard and his eyes returned to the their usual red as he faced them. “What was that, dear?” he asked Charlie.

“What was *that*?” asked Charlie excitedly, so much so that she almost spilled their drinks. Luckily Angel Dust swooped in to grab them before she did. “That looked so cool!”

“Extra arms come in handy,” said Angel Dust, now holding three drinks. “Not just for cumming and handies.”

Another series of beeps from the radio. Alastor listened close, then looked amused before his eyes turned back into dials, the needles jumping again with the length of the dits and dahs.

Angel poured something from a flask from his fourth arm into one of the mocktails. “I actually recognize that. It’s Morse Code, ain’t it? I didn’t think anyone still used that anymore.”

“*Au contraire*,” said Alastor when he finished. “There are still a few of us left who can appreciate a riveting conversation via the marvelous innovation that is Morse Code. It runs on radio waves, you know. I don’t need a radio to send them back. I do it myself.” The needles in his eyes wagged back and forth like a metronome with a snap of radio feedback to prove his point.

Angel rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah, whateva. Ya know we got text messaging now, right?”

Charlie sat on the couch, facing Alastor with a look of wide-eyed wonderment. “I think it’s neat!”

“Thank you, my dear,” said Alastor, looking proud.

“It’s like an antique! I love learning old, out-dated history!” she said excitedly.

Alastor looked annoyed.

Angel sat down on the couch next to Charlie as more beeps sounded from the radio. “Ya know, I learned it back in my time too. I’m a bit rusty, but I bet I could understand some of this.”

Angel Dust listened close to the next set of beeps. “*FB*?” he said, looking confused. “All right, nevamind. Maybe I don’t remember after all. It was many years and many drugs ago.”

Alastor looked proud again, surprisingly. “Oh! But you are correct! That indeed was ‘*FB*,’ which is shorthand. There are many of those! They’re called prosigns. You see, Morse Code is comprised entirely of two code symbols called dits— those are the short bursts— and dahs — which are the long bursts. To spell out every word letter by letter would be quite time consuming, so we developed shorthands like that to make it faster. ‘*FB*’ means good. ‘Fine business,’ to be exact.”

“Wow, so it’s like texting!” said Charlie. “Like ‘LOL’ —LOL!” Yes, she said the letters.

Angel knocked back one of the three drinks. “Like texting, but dumber. Damn, Al, ya gotta get with the times. We have moved way past Morse Code.”

“But it’s come full circle, hasn’t it?” said Alastor. “Morse Code was the predecessor to your precious texting. It laid the groundwork. I’ve been told it actually shares many of the same abbreviations and short hands. Like ‘*TU*.’”

“Oh! ‘Thank you’?” guessed Charlie eagerly.

“That’s exactly right! It means that in both Morse Code and texting, so I’ve heard,” said Alastor. “And you’re welcome.”

Another round of beeps sounded from the radio. Alastor responded, using his own radio waves again. It seemed to go on and on as Charlie smiled nervously and Angel Dust looked unimpressed.

“Yeah, so much for being quicker,” said Angel sarcastically.

When it finally finished, Alastor said, “Sorry. This fellow has a lot to say today and I responded reciprocally so that was a lot of words! Or in prosign, simply ‘*W*.’”

“You do *not* have a lot of W’s,” said Angel.

“Ooh, ooh, who are you talking to?” Charlie asked, eyeing the radio excitedly.

“Just an old pal,” replied Alastor, with a little flamboyant flick of his wrist. “We’ve been doing this for decades and just never stopped. There’s a term for those like us who still engage now in informal conversations in Morse Code over the radio— ‘rag chewers.’”

Angel Dust cocked an eyebrow sassily. “Is that like a pillow biter?”

The next set of dots and dashes beeped. They all listened in.

“What did he say that time?!” asked Charlie, bouncing in her seat.

“*QJK*?” said Angel Dust. “I don’t know that code.”

“Something ‘just kidding’?” Charlie wondered.

“You’re on the right track,” said Alastor. “That’s Q code, a subset of Morse Code that all start with Q, followed by the rest of the prosign.”

Angel pointed to his phone. “I just Voogled it. It means ‘are you receiving?’ See, in the amount of time it took to do all those beeps, we had a whole ass conversation about it, I looked it up on my phone, bitched about it, and finished my second drink.” Then he knocked back his third drink.

Charlie frowned. “Oh no! Is your friend not receiving your messages?”

“Oh no,” said Alastor, eyes turned to radio dials again. “He is receiving.”

Alastor beeped along with his own code. Angel listening closely, translating the letters as he heard them. “Q … E … J …? Guess I’m Voogling this shit again.” Just a couple taps on his phone. It was much quicker than the beeps. “Q code for ‘may I assume position for take off?’” Angel read.

“Wow!” chirped Charlie. “Is he flying a plane?!”

“Hmm.” Alastor thought for a moment after finishing his reply back through code. “I suppose he is in a cockpit of sorts.”

Angel choked on his drink when he heard the next line of beeps. “Did he just say ‘F my A’?!” he said, barely containing his laughter. “No fuckin’ way!”

“That singular ‘A’ was a mistake,” Alastor dismissed. “Your modern day equivelant to a typo. Very common to do. I assume he meant ‘*AA,*’ or ‘all after,’ which you may remember is a request to repeat something. This fellow tends to make a lot of mistakes, unfortunately. There’s a term for people like that in the Morse Code community, ‘bad fist’— or sloppy operator. ‘Fist’ means your messages. I, of course, am a ‘good fist.’”

“I mean, hey. Who doesn’t love a good fist?” said Angel with a wink.

Alastor didn’t hear him, as he was beeping loudly with his own message back. It was shorter that time.

“Seven and … somethin’, I don’t know, whateva,” semi-translated Angel.

Alastor finished his transmission. “Seven and an asterisk. It means ‘are you ready?’”

“Ready for what?” Charlie asked curiously.

Angel listened closely to the next round of dits and dahs, looking it up on his phone as he recognized the letters but not the shorthand. “It said ‘*R to Rx’* and *Rx* apparently means not prescription drugs like I know, but ‘receive.’”

Charlie looked confused. “But you already established that you are receiving each other’s messages? I don’t understand.”

Angel didn’t look up from his phone. “This is like when a person texts ‘how are you?’ And you reply back ‘good, how are you?’ And then they’re like ‘fine how about you?’— so annoyin’, I swear. Sorry, Al, but you and your friend’s old timey messaging thing is lame as fuck.”

Alastor grinned mischievously as the next round of beeps rolled in.

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Vox was very methodical about his routine. After all, he’d done it for decades.

First, he got out the old telegraph. He’d used the same one since the late 50’s. He’d had to replace a couple parts over the years, but overall it’d held up well despite how often he used it. That day he pulled it from its secret hiding place in his closet and placed it on his bedside table, like he usually did. He hooked it up and gave it a couple test taps, just to make sure it was in working order.

Second, Vox laid a towel down on his bed. It made for easier clean up.

Third, he dug out his favorite toy from the even deeper secret hiding place in his closet. Adult toy. He flipped the on switch, just to make sure it was in working order. Luckily the batteries were still good.

It was almost time. Vox had been watching the clock. After shedding his clothes, grabbing a bottle of lubricant and triple checking that the door was locked, Vox was ready.

He reclined back on his pillow and waited. Eight o’clock sharp, his antennae twitched as they picked up on that familiar signal. Alastor was sending his radio waves. Short and long notes. Dits and dahs. Dots and dashes. Vox could decipher it easily in his head. He’d done it for decades. He had learned Morse Code when he was alive and kept up with it all this time just because of Alastor. His antennae picked up the signal so he didn’t need any other equipment to hear Alastor’s code.

The telegraph on the bedside table was to communicate back to Alastor. Vox could receive the messages naturally, but needed the telegraph to send them back.

Vox’s antennae bobbed in sync with the notes of the radio signal. Four beeps: long dash, a dot, long dash and another dot. It was the letter *C*, short for calling to a specific station. Then dot dot dot dash. The letter *V* spelled out. Alastor always started out very formal despite these being very informal communications, to put it mildly.

Vox liked the feeling of receiving the Morse Code notes. They were like little vibrations. It felt soothing and pleasant. He sighed blissfully as Alastor finished spelling out *O* and *X*.

Then Vox reached to tap the telegraph key. His turn. A dot, dash, dot. An *R*, for roger, or copy. There. Greetings were established. Vox didn’t want to waste time. When everything he

wanted to say had to be spelled out, subtleties were skipped.

His finger tapped swiftly on the telegraph key. Quick rapid-fire notes, making long and short beeps as he spelled out the letters. He was a fast typist but it still took some time. There was no shorthand for what he spelled out, *I'm so horny.*

When his message was done, he used that hand to pop open the bottle of lubricant and pour some into his fingers.

Vox and Alastor had done this since the late 50's, not too long after Vox arrived in Hell. They were friends for decades. Vox wanted to be more than friends, but Alastor had always turned him down.

The balls on Vox's antennae vibrated as they received Alastor's next transmission. Alastor could send his messages much faster than Vox. Since Alastor didn't have to tap a button, but send them with the radio waves he produced: *Someone's eager tonight.*

Vox could *feel* that Alastor said that in a teasing tone even though it was just beeps.

Vox had come onto Alastor so many times over the years. Tried to kiss him while they were drinking. Invited him to the bedroom after a long night of playing cards and decapitating a sinner together that had pissed them off. Vox even grabbed Alastor's ass once when he felt especially bold. He was met with a swift smack of a shadow tentacle. But Vox was not deterred, as the tentacles were a turn on for him too.

Vox tapped away at that plastic button. *Already rock hard.*

It wasn't a lie. He'd done this so many times, he'd been conditioned by the sound of the dits and dahs. He couldn't help but be aroused when he heard them. Like Pavlov's dogs salivating to the sound of a bell, Vox felt himself leak a little precum when he heard the beeps. Alastor's next transmission hit his antennae: *We just started. That's pathetic.*

Vox liked it when Alastor spoke to him like that. Well, spoke through beeps. It was enough for Vox. For his reply, he used a shorthand. He used them more than Alastor because he had to type every letter by hand. *QJB*— it meant 'will you use your …?' — and then Vox filled in the blank. Tentacles. That was a long word so they had just made up their own shorthand for it. They used it often enough for one to be warranted.

Alastor had never given into any of Vox's advances. At least, none of the ones done in the flesh. Then one day Vox told Alastor he could sometimes pick up on Alastor's radio waves. Then one day Alastor sent him a message in Morse Code asking if he wanted to go drinking, as this was long before the days of cell phones. Then one day Vox got a telegraph so he could send messages back. Then one day Vox felt especially brazen (horny) and asked Alastor how big his cock was. Oh, and describe it please. Then they stayed up all night beeping each other.

Vox's dick twitched when he heard the next notes, vibrating through his antennae: *Maybe if you beg for them.*

PSE, Vox couldn't type fast enough. It was short for please. When there was only silence for a moment, he typed it again, *PSE*. He knew Alastor did that on purpose. Alastor always liked to tease him.

Vox wasn't entirely sure why Alastor would never actually touch him but enjoyed doing this. Alastor never seemed interested in having actual sex. But he seemed highly entertained by this. He had to be, Vox figured. Or he wouldn't keep doing it every few weeks for over six decades.

Vox felt the gentle hum of receiving Alastor's next code signal: *Where do you want them?*

Over the years, Vox learned to be ambidextrous thanks to this arrangement. One hand tapping away at the telegraph beside him. The other one wrapped around his length and gave it a couple pumps. *My D*. That was shorthand for my dick, if that wasn't obvious. Another pro sign they had invented for themselves, long before sexting was a thing.

What would have sounded just like a bunch of random beeps to a layperson turned on Vox so much. As Alastor's next messages came through, Vox closed his eyes and imagined what Alastor was saying in those beeps was real. That it was Alastor's tentacle wrapping around his dick, coiling tight, oozing that strange green slime that supposedly worked well as lube, then moving up and down his shaft, jerking him off at a slow, teasing pace. Vox stroked himself with his hand and pretended it was Alastor.

Alastor had such a way with words, Vox thought. Even just through beeps, the way he described it made Vox hornier than watching pornography. And for the media demon whose primary theme was visual, that was really saying something.

Alastor described his coiled tentacle working up and down Vox's length, gradually squeezing tightly and making Vox flinch, then the end of his tentacle sensually rubbing the tip of his cock, teasing the glans, and playing with the slit where precum leaked both in the fantasy and real life. Alastor had never actually seen Vox's dick. He was just using his imagination whenever he did this.

Vox reached over to tap a reply with his free hand. *Squeeze my balls. I like CBT.*

There was a slight pause before Alastor continued. Vox was annoyed, growling under his breath in sexual frustration even though he secretly liked being edged, but then he finally heard the next set of beeps: *Cognitive Behavioral Therapy? It's not my forte but you wanting to talk about how your parents never loved you explains a lot of your daddy issues.*

Vox would have rubbed his temple if his hands hadn't been otherwise occupied. "Are you fucking serious …" he muttered, still stroking himself.

Through the code, Alastor continued, *But then again everyone in Hell seems to have daddy issues.*

Vox said the words as he tapped them, "It means 'cock and ball torture,' idiot!" except skipped the 'idiot' part because that was just extra tapping to do.

A short pause. Then Alastor's reply came through, *I could wrap a tentacle around them and constrict like a snake snuffing out its prey, feeling you clench and squirm in my grasp, struggling as I tighten more, hearing you make the most delicious screams. Then just as you're about to pass out I let go. I go back to wrapping around your member except this time it isn't slow. I'm rough this time. The coiled loops move up and down in a blur.*

"Oh fuck yes …" Vox whimpered, stroking himself faster as he listened. He'd paused to fondle his balls when Alastor had described squeezing them. Now, matching Alastor's words, he was back to working his cock. "That's so hot …"

The next beeps from Alastor asked, *how does that feel?*

Not wanting to break his rhythm, Vox's reply was short. But truthful. *FB*. Or good.

"So good …" Vox murmured, eyes closed, still lost in the fantasy as he touched himself.

There was a bit of delay before Alastor responded again. Vox grew impatient. He'd finish soon if they kept this up much longer and Vox didn't want it to be over yet. He wanted to hear more Morse Code messages. Nothing got him off quite like sessions with Alastor.

Vox tapped the telegraph key. *Let's fuck*. He wasn't as eloquent as Alastor.

Alastor didn't mind. Vox's dick twitched eagerly in his hand when he heard and understood the next beeps, *I've already stripped and lie draped across the sheets.*

Vox pictured it in his head. Alastor nude— a sight he'd never seen in person but had fantasized so many times thanks to nights like these— and lying spread on the sheets just for him. He gave himself a couple more pumps of his cock before he let go for a moment. He'd finish too soon if he didn't.

Vox sat up and tapped his next transmission, *QJK*. Or *Are you receiving?*

Their fantasies were varied. They explored all kinds of scenarios over the years: sometimes vanilla, sometimes kinky, sometimes tender, sometimes hardcore, sometimes fingers, tongues, tentacles, sometimes Vox's dick, sometimes Alastor's dick, sometimes Vox's ass, sometimes Alastor's ass.

Vox wanted more description to know what to fantasize. That's why he asked *are you receiving*. He needed to know who was taking what. It was always up to Alastor and his mood. Alastor lead the way with these sessions, guiding who did what. He also usually lead the way in the fantasy bed.

No you are, Alastor replied through his next round of beeps. *Hope you've prepared yourself.*

Vox squirted more lube into his hand. With his elbow, to avoid making a mess of the telegraph key, he awkwardly tapped *QEJ* or *may I assume position for take off?* Thank God for shorthands when the hands were already in use. (God was nowhere near this.)

Alastor replied quickly, *Yes, get on all fours. And brace yourself.*

Vox excitedly grabbed his toy, sitting nearby on the towel. It was his favorite toy thanks to a very special modification he'd made himself. Outwardly it looked like your average, every day, vibrating dildo. Well, a little on the bigger side. But it had a unique feature. Vox coated it in lube, got on his hands and knees like he was told, fingered himself a couple times to prepare, timed himself with Alastor's next beeps that said *Putting it in now*, then nudged the tip of the toy against his entrance, relaxing his muscles to let it slide in, then—

DING!

That was not a beep. There were no dings in these sessions. It was an incoming text. Damn it, he'd meant to put himself on airplane mode to avoid being interrupted. The text displayed across his screen. It was from Velvette, with some angry face and eye rolling emojis, *FFS be quiet! What's with all these beeping noises coming from your bedroom??? I'm doing a livestream in a minute so pipe down*

Vox huffed in annoyance as he swiped away her text. His sexually frustrated face returned to his screen.

"The only piping down I'm doing is thinking about Alastor laying pipe down," he muttered.

Vox took a deep breath and tried to remember where they were. Oh, right. Alastor had told him to brace himself on all fours and Vox was about to put in his favorite toy. A quick couple taps to send his next message back to Alastor, *F my A!* and his hands were free again, one to brace himself and the other circling his entrance with the tip of the toy to line it up.

Are you ready? said Alastor's next transmission.

R to Rx was all Vox could manage to reply in this awkward position. *R* for roger or copy. Affirmative. Yes. Very yes. *R* may as well meant ravish me, because that's what Vox was thinking.

Vox slowly eased in the toy as he listened to Alastor's next messages: *pinning you down, forcing it inside, you know how big it is, it barely fits, but you'll take it anyway, you filthy trollop. It's going to be rough tonight, I'm going to abuse your hole, destroy your insides …*

"Yesss …" Vox whined, moving the toy in and out. "Rearrange my guts …" He loved when Alastor talked to him like that. Alastor would only ever do it through Morse Code. The couple times Vox tried dirty talk with him in person, Alastor said Vox was disgusting and refused to engage. But with the code, it was different. Alastor was a covert freak.

You'd never walk the same after I'm done with you, continued Alastor. *I want to make you scream. I bet you are now. I broadcast screams when I tear souls apart but with you it'd be when I tear your body apart.*

Vox was, indeed, moaning loudly as he fucked himself with the toy. Velvette was probably blowing up his phone but he'd set himself not to be interrupted again.

"Oh, fuck, Alastor …" he moaned, imagining it was Alastor shoving himself him every time the toy bottomed out.

Do you have it inside you? asked Alastor through the code.

It was ever increasingly difficult to reply, but Vox balanced himself awkwardly and managed to type that dot, dash, dot— *R*. Yes, he did.

Alastor knew about Vox's special toy. Vox was so proud and excited when he'd told him. They'd used it many times during these sessions. *Is it on?*

No

Turn it on

R

Vox flipped the toy's switch from off to on. It buzzed to life inside him. He whimpered when he felt it, still moving it in and out with his hand. What made this toy special was that Vox had calibrated it to Alastor's frequency. It vibrated in tune with Alastor's radio waves. In other words, each time Alastor sent a dit or dah, Vox could feel it through the toy. Vox had set it up with Bluetooth and Bluetooth ran on radio waves. If Alastor sent a dot, the toy made a small, quick vibration. If Alastor sent a dash, the toy made a longer, dragged out vibration. A normal transmission was a series of random dots and dashes depending on what one was spelling out. Either way, it was a lot of vibrations.

Your toy amuses me said Alastor's transmission. Each beep, letter by letter, Vox felt vibrate in sync inside him. He groaned in pleasure, biting his pillow, as Alastor continued*, I don't normally like modern technology, but I'll let this be the exception. It's a very unique use for radio waves. I have to give credit for the innovation. As they say, necessity is the mother of invention. And your pathetic self must have needed it that much.*

Alastor wasn't usually so verbose when every letter had to be spelled out. But now that was the point. He wanted to send as many messages Vox's way as he could. Because he knew each one was a vibration being thoroughly enjoyed by Vox.

It doesn't even matter what I say said Alastor. *You just want my radio waves. I could say anything and eventually push you over the edge. I could even talk about the weather. I heard there will be acid rain tomorrow. Bring an umbrella so you don't get wet.*

The towel below Vox was already wet from where he'd been dribbling prostatic fluid down from his untouched dick. Those vibrations were pummeling his prostate. They both knew it would. That's why Alastor continued to ramble and why Vox loved this toy so much. He'd been prostate milked many nights by it.

If you ever wondered who liked the Morse Code-like setting on vibrators, it was Vox. It could indeed be frustrating. Sometimes Alastor would say something that had a lot of dashes— just hoooooooold it there for several seconds and bring Vox close— then end it. A dot, dot, dot. Bring him close to climax then walk him back. Edging him, sometimes inadvertently and sometimes on purpose, over and over.

But Vox liked that. He liked to be teased. As Alastor kept going, prattling on a nice mix of useless small talk and dirty talk, Vox kept whimpering and moaning with each dot, dash, vibration inside him as it buzzed against that sensitive spot.

“Holy shit …” he panted, eyes rolled back. “It’s been seven years … almost forgot how good this feels …”

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“Ready for what?” Charlie had asked curiously.

Alastor stood up from the chair, stretching his arms. “About time for me to retire to my quarters, dear,” he said. “I can tell I’m boring everyone with my noisy pastime, so I’ll take it to my room.”

“Good,” said Angel, still not looking up from his phone. “It’s hard to think to myself with all those annoying beeping sounds. And by think to myself, I mean posting pics of my hot ass online.”

“Goodnight, Alastor,” Charlie said as he walked past her toward his room. “Tell your friend I said hi!”

As soon as Alastor was in the privacy of his room, door closed and locked behind him, he collapsed back against it. He shoved his hand in his pants. He was hard. Luckily Angel had been too engrossed in his phone and Charlie was too innocent to be looking between his legs to notice.

He turned on the radio he kept on the mantle by the fireplace to continue the transmission with Vox, *pinning you down, forcing it inside, you know how big it is, it barely fits, but you’ll take it anyway, you filthy trollop. It’s going to be rough tonight, I’m going to abuse your hole, destroy your insides …*

Alastor stroked himself in tune with the dial needles jumping back and forth in his eyes.

“It’s been seven years and you’re still just as pathetic …”

***

Distracted by lewd thoughts, Alastor had made a mistake. He’d accidentally forgotten to turn off the radio in the parlor.

Angel was about to turn it off, muttering, “He couldn’t even be assed to turn off his own stupid radio,” but then he recognized one of the codes. And then the next. And there was no way he was hearing that— but oh, nevermind, according to the translation, he actually was right.

“Angel, stoppppp,” Charlie whined as Angel translated out loud the transmissions. Well, as many as he could. There were a lot and Alastor was very, very fast.

“See, right here,” said Angel, pointing to the radio with a deviously sassy smirk, “The other guy apparently said he got his telegraph key all messy ‘cuz he accidentally used the wrong hand after he blew his load.”

“Nooooo!” Charlie covered her ears. “I don’t want to hear this!”

Angel chuckled. “Pffft. Wow, okay. Al just told him that’s disgusting and to lick it clean.”

“Turn it offff!” Charlie pleaded.

Angel nodded in approval at the radio. “Kinky.”

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